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And—and so on, O my brothers,
Runs the little song—you know it!
Other times and other people :
Other people, other pictures.

Other names, and other hearts too,
All is changed and new, and diff'rent.
All? not all! one link is left us
With the days so long departed :

'Tis a detail! see, the dresses,
O my friend, the lovely dresses,
With the ornaments and flowers—
Hist! they're very often borrowed!

HOT AND COLD.

Good luck to you, Rachel! we all wish you joy :
The babe's a delight to behold!
He screams—(may God bless him, the beautiful boy!)
The first taste of life does not seem to enjoy.
Ah me, up in Heaven, poor child, it was light,
And warm and delightful and cheerful and bright,
And now—do you hear?
The wee thing is talking and whimpering, hark!
“O Mother, how cold is it here, and how dark . . .
I shiver and fear!”

The wheel goes on spinning,
It hums and it sings.
A day passes creeping,
A year, as on wings.

—Good day to you, Rabbi!
—Good day! and now look,
Your place is there waiting—sit down in it quick,
And give yourself body and soul to your book,
Or else—why, a taste of the stick!

Repeat now—no answer? lie down then—lie—so!
 One, two—come, lie down, I say!—oh, Rabbi, oh!
 —Lie down, you—you rascal! I toil, I perspire,
 And he, he does nothing—you felt that one, what?
 'Tis warm, is it? answer!—oh hot, Rabbi, hot,
 It burns me like fire!

The days pass so slowly,
 The years fly so fast,
 And that which began,
 Why, it ends too, at last.

And once more: good luck to you! play, fiddler, play,
 On wings now of melody rise!
 The bridegroom is handsome and clever; the bride,
 A jewel, a mirror, a prize.
 Play on! if the jewel has nails, time will tell—
 The mirror, a tongue, alas!—well, bridegroom, well,
 You glow not, possessed of this treasure?
 O friends, O companions, I beg of you, hold!
 As one in a wood, in the night, all a-cold,
 I shiver and shake—as one palsied and old,
 I freeze—but with pleasure!

The world is a class-room
 For small and for great.
 We're crowded and squeezed,
 And we learn, soon or late.

A trader, a pedlar—there's no time to waste:
 In Klotz is a fair, and in Hotz—O make haste!
 A market they hold, and, wherever you go,
 It roars like a furnace—they hurry, they fly,
 They speed as on wheels, as on wings they were borne.
 Salt, furs, flax and leather and cattle and corn . . .
 They charter and barter and bargain and buy.
 The trader, the fledgeling, he runs to and fro,
 He trembles, gesticulates, damp is his brow.

O friends, brother dealers, how flames it! just now,
What ardour, what glow!

The world is a market,
The wheel, the wheel turns.
The life flames and flickers,
It crackles and burns.

Burn, burn! you will cool before long, Mr. Jew!
Of wood and of iron you seek to make sure,
Of silk and of velvet and wares not a few.
Nor would I neglect, O my friend, were I you,
A piece of white linen ere long to secure.
The hammer is sounding, the saw gives a drone,
Four boards—and inside them he's shut in, alone.
And now from the fair he drives home—a last time!
Come quickly, shamashim, and heap on the mould . . .
O Jews, it is cold there, I tell you, 'tis cold!
How like you my rhyme?

SAND AND STARS.

SHINES the moon, the stars are glowing,
The night sweeps on o'er hill and plain.
In the tattered book before me,
I read, and read them o'er again,

Ancient words of promise holy,
And loud, at last, they speak to me:
"As the stars of heav'n—my people—
And as the sand beside the sea!"

Lord Almighty, thou hast spoken,
Unchanging is thy holy will,
Ev'rything as thou commandest
His own appointed place shall fill.